

VOLUME I

NUMBER 2

Hollywood Chimes



EASTER NUMBER

1924

THE CHIMES



*Ring on, ye Bells, in silver chime
Ring out your song in tones sublime;
Ring o'er the hills, ring o'er the plains,
O'er city's mart, o'er country lanes.*

*Ring on, dear Bells, ring out your song
In merry notes, in gay ding dong;
You've cheered our hearts, full many times
You've filled the hours with merry chimes.*

*Your story tell, with silver bell,
As lovers meet, in sylvan dell,
They pledge their troth, with hand in hand,
With love's sweet song, so God hath planned.*

*In sacred note your story true
You tell of God, and lives make new
Kindling again, with music's strain,
A faith grown weak, now strong again.*

*The day sometimes seems drear and cold,
Then you ring out in tones so bold
And warm our hearts with music's flame
And heav'n is near because you came.*

*Your song so sweet, like gentle rain,
A gift from God it gently came;
It falls on all—the good, the bad—
Forgetting none, it makes all glad.*

*Oh, ring again, keep ringing on,
And cheer the road that's sometimes long,
And there shall come in your sweet peal
A solace true—a comfort real.*

—G. B.



Hollywood is planning to install chimes of bells in various sections. The Library tower, shown on the opposite page, is an ideal location. One of the managers of this magazine heard the music of these chimes in his daydreams and these verses are the result.



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TOWER OF THE HOLLYWOOD LIBRARY

*The Library Tower stands,
With finger pointing up,
Like a god—*

*Encouraging men to learn, study
And commit themselves
To higher Arts.*

—G. B.



HOLLYWOOD CHIMES



Published Every Once in a While by the Hollywood Community Chorus
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Managing and Contributing Editors:

LYNDA HALL SIMS

DAVID T. EVANS

GEO. BROOKWELL

MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS *are the inspiration which makes us desire to record what they have done and hope to do for our Hollywood.*

OUR NAME

The first issue of this magazine came out under the name of "Hollywood Community Life," but for several reasons it seems advisable to change it to "Hollywood Chimes." We have also adopted the policy of restricting our columns to the activities of the Hollywood Community Chorus, its immediate outgrowths, and the interests of its membership.

Hugo Kirchhofer in directing the Chorus emphasizes five basic rules for good singing—*attack, sustaining, enunciation, tone quality and release*. We attacked the publishing of this magazine with earnestness and an honesty of purpose, we will sustain it with the enthusiasm and unselfish devotion of thousands of citizens who desire through song and community service to make Hollywood a finer place to live in; we will enunciate our hopes and ideals courageously; we will maintain the tone quality by using only the best of the printer's art, and we will not release a single issue until we feel our friends will proudly send copies away as a reflection of the Hollywood we love.

Our gifted director has also impressed upon us that even though we use these five singing rules we will not have good music unless we harmonize, understand, and look happy. Thus so as not to misunderstand or be misunderstood and to be in harmony with our fellow citizens we are changing and copyrighting our name to "Hollywood Chimes." May the Chimes of Hollywood always ring out a happy, harmonious song of community service!

YOUTH

As travelers near the California boundary they set their watches back an hour, or literally grow a wee bit younger. It is but a mechanical adjustment of their timepieces with old Sol. However, if these same travelers happen to be over seventy years young and if by chance happen to locate in or near Los Angeles they will find the real fountains of youth, where age is feted, celebrated and even boasted of. The Hollywood Community Chorus has a great pride in its large membership of enthusiastic singers—the most regular attendants—who are seventy and over. All birthdays are so celebrated by the

PEACE AND MUSIC

It has been said that murder could not be committed with a song in one's heart. War is but wholesale murder. It may be too idealistic to be practical, but nevertheless if we had community choruses—singing groups of people in every city, town and hamlet—linked round the world to keep peace, as we had our war meetings organized to win victory, would it not provide a world bond for understanding? People who understand each other, who look for the best in each other, who aspire to the spiritual in life do not kill. Song is the only universal language that all peoples of the world understand. Mrs. J. J. Carter, our president, created the idea of a white border around each national flag as a symbol of world peace, and at a recent Community Chorus she made the plea for each individual to propagandize the white bordered peace flag. The red, white and blue has always stood for idealism and the initiative in world justice. The stars and stripes bordered with white peace is most beautiful and serves as a reminder to live peace patriotism.

We urge other communities to organize community choruses where they may sing the songs of other nations, understand true brotherhood through music, and learn to sing their own national hymns with greater heart fervor in front of the most beautiful flag in the world bordered with the white of peace.

presentation of charming old-fashioned bouquets to youthful members, and the men have organized an up and doing club which meets regularly to discuss vital local and national questions. The women did not intend to be left out, so a most select society was initiated called the "Sunshine Club," where every Friday afternoon seventy-year-old debutante young ladies are graciously entertained by younger social leaders. The only membership requirements are enough years mellowed by the sunshine of happiness, and that they enjoy the companionship of those who love the worth-while in life. Thus we prove that beautiful souls warmed by almost perpetual sunshine, singing songs, live longer in California.

L. H. S.

A SOLILOQUY



NLY a few of us are born leaders, and this is as it should be. After the leader is another class, and these the leader must have, or his or her leadership will be of little force, and these must be men or women of vision and understanding, ready to sink themselves for the common good, but they must have a force and weight in affairs, enough to direct any question into the channel it should go.

A leader with a backing such as this can carry the crowd in any question worth while, and it happens that this is exactly the situation with Mrs. J. J. Carter. A sufficient number of men and women to whom the community look as representing the altruistic and progressive bloc of citizens have abundant faith in her ability, her vision of our civic needs; and her mind, which comprehends the great fact that men, or a city, do not live by bread alone. She knows, and they know, that this is so, for if an individual, city or nation becomes so engrossed in business alone, or even if this is combined with superficial pleasures, and that is all, then "as sure as night follows the day" disillusion and dissolution are inevitable. This law is immutable, logical and fair, and the world and our own city is full of examples demonstrating this, and we sometimes find them right in our own family.

So these dreamers, painters, poets, musicians, and visionaries, who see more beauty in a tree than a telegraph pole, or get more satisfaction out of a geranium than a sky-

scraper, and to whom the melody of a song is more than the jingle of gold, they are the builders whose monuments will live on when all else is gone. One example will suffice. Take ancient Rome—what has become of her world-wide commerce, her beautiful buildings, her ships, her merchants of renown, her gold reserve, markets and palaces, her Roman Legions, and mighty implements of war, and her Imperial power? We have even only an imperfect record of them all, but we have the spirit of her patriots and poets in exact measure. These are our only heritage from that wonderful nation, and if the principles and vision of these had become the vital force in the body politic, then I declare, Rome would be the dominant power in the world of today.

And so, if we lay aside our harps and our organs, make brickmakers of our poets, boilermakers of our authors, and counter jumpers of our symphony players, and by so doing build the greatest commerce the world has ever seen, and create wealth untold, our foundations will be like running sand, and some day, not far away, the structure we have builded will fall about our ears and a worthier and better people will take our place.

A law—the law—tragic, immutable, positive in its effects, is here involved, and the combined armies of all the world, past and present, with all the forces in the control of man, cannot avert by one minute's time, the ending catastrophe if we disobey that law.

G. B.

PEACE PATRIOTISM

The greatest tragedies in life are not the dead ones, but the living ones—among which "to be forgotten" leads all other heart aches. Mrs. Walter G. Hudson, co-operative Chairman for Post-War Service League, and Secretary for L. A. District Federation, Division of Co-operation, and her group of assistants are determined that the boys who served us shall not be forgotten, and that their peace patriotism shall be as great as their war patriotism. For months Mrs. Hudson and her assistants have provided dinners, entertainments and gifts for a hundred ex-service men every Monday evening. Those collaborating have been Syd Grauman from Hollywood Egyptian Theatre, Knights of Columbus, Post-War Service League, Hollywood Woman's Club, Eastern Star, Masonic Temple, Hollywood First Methodist Church, St.

Thomas Church, Hollywood Congregational Church, the business and professional women from the Velada Club, Wesley Methodist Church and Colored Boys, St. Stephen's Church, Catholic Church Sunset and Cherokee; Gardner School Parent-Teachers Association, Mount Hollywood Congregational Church, California Theatre, Hill St. Theatre, Hollywood Theatre, Egan Theatre, and various bus lines.

The co-operation has been wonderful. The result has been that hundreds of ex-service men have had their otherwise bitter, lonely nights changed into evenings of joyous, happy memories. These organizations and the fine men and women in them through their peace patriotism and community service "did not forget" those who had served us.

L. H. S.

EASTER MORN IN HOLLYWOOD BOWL

By SOL COHEN



UCH a theme as this might well have inspired a Homer, a Milton, a Shakespeare! That it was given to the writer is proof more of the innate good faith of humanity than of ordinary common sense. But no one is more convinced of the nobility and beauty and majesty of the Idea than myself, and therefore I approach the subject with just that reverence that calls forth the best in anyone.

No one in our community, perhaps in the country, needs a detailed description of what astounding things happen in the Bowl on Easter Sunday morning. It is the realization that all of us have of the significance of our mission, the grandeur of our cause, that I wish to touch upon in this little sketch. The mere presence of a lovely natural amphitheatre so close to our homes is of no great importance to us; what we do with it, what we allow it to express of ourselves, is the real issue, beside which all else is insignificant and trifling.

My Motif is the Risen Christ, synonymous with the Rising Sun; and this Motif dominates those breathless hours of the early morning. As in some stupendous symphony, this Motif is handled with consummate art, every detail of it harmonious, symmetrical and uplifting. For the Great Composer, to whom this Christ-Idea must have come as His holiest inspiration, has generously given to us of the Music of the Spheres; and those first mysterious moments, when no light is seen save in the innermost recesses of the human heart, give just the faintest suggestion of the marvel that is to come.

Those moments are alive with a repressed agitation; the faithful thousands, in whom the desire to identify themselves with this Idea is paramount, wait in the quiet assurance of the coming of light. With them darkness has been more than physical; into these hearts there has crept often the doubt and the dread of the misty future. Not a soul there but knows within his hidden self that the shadows are a grotesque caricature, a mere absence of that majestic ball of cosmic flame whose approach is even now heralded by a pale glimmer in the East.

The thousands gathered there, each one an instrument in the universal Symphony Orchestra, silently, serenely tune up. The strings that have been false are mentally changed for those that are true; the variations in pitch are adjusted by a master hand; the players are assembled for the presenta-

tion of this Motif of heavenly purity, and their Conductor, whom they await with a conviction born of understanding, is Nature itself, so still, yet so mighty.

The Motif, the Risen Christ, does not confine itself to these few players, but is heard and played and sung wherever mankind entertains the eternal hope of ultimate harmony; it is a Motif which contains in itself all of the beauty and truth in the world—a Motif which is the undertone and the overtone of every work of art, as well as every worthy impulse.

And now that pale glimmer in the East suddenly transforms itself into a limpid sea of color, bathing the neighboring clouds in the warmth of these iridescent hues—suddenly, even as the Christ appears to the awakening understanding; and the players instantly burst forth into the first fine measures of that immortal Symphony, whose theme is as glorious as Life itself. The Conductor of this inspired group, his arms aloft in praise of the Risen Christ, pauses a moment before he permits the Motif to announce itself in its final grandeur. Then, as the full flood of the risen Sun pours forth upon the waiting, eager throng, the eyes are lifted toward that lovely human Cross on the opposite hillside—the Cross whose beating heart is the pure, unsoiled faith of many children, divinest symbol of all!

And into the streaming daylight the message of the Christ comes. Each player has given all he has, he has shared his loftiest aspiration with his neighbor, he has filled his place in the universal orchestra. The Christ has sung His way through the world, but the Christ needed each of these to make Him known. Without the Composer, there had been no Symphony; without the Conductor, no orchestra with which to play it. And music alone can symbolize this radiant beauty, this perfection in human relationship to which all the activities of mankind aspire. The Sun can shine in the dark places only when the obstruction of fear has melted away. The intense and penetrating heat of this Sun can dissolve the discords into a supernal harmony, a harmony which is approximated each season in this beautiful service, so beloved of all those who have caught its truer meaning.

How radical is this new conception of the Risen Christ! Can anyone actually play again the old, false notes after he has had his part in the Cosmic Symphony? And after he has heard the call of the Christ can he ever again be content with the lesser songs of the sordid world? When the Sun of Divine Love has once warmed a human

heart, can that heart ever again be happy in the cool breezes of skepticism and doubt?

Oh, waiting, eager players in Life's orchestra, this glorious warmth of the Risen Sun has lightened your task. Take your instruments and play your souls out to the expectant world! Christ is indeed Risen and the Day is here; and the low hills echo with the Music of Faith and Love!

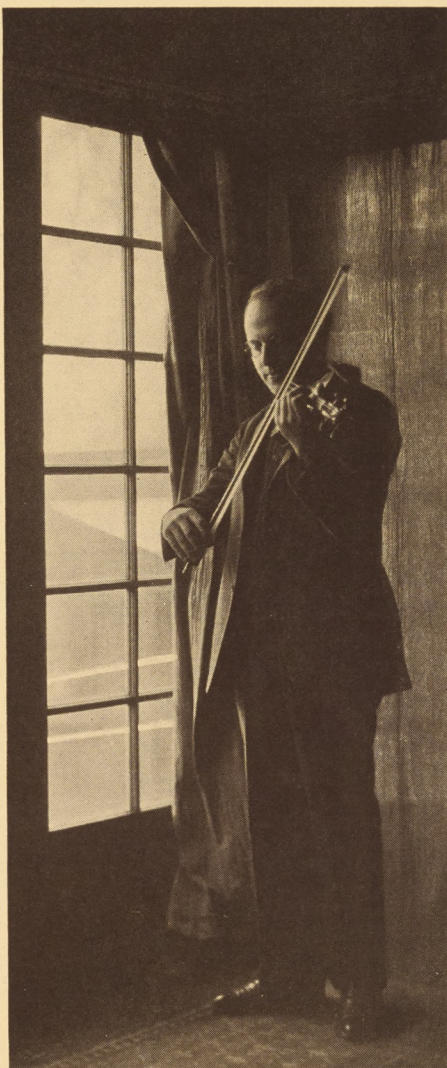
IMMORTALS

Amidst all the "ruck and truck" of business, and through the profit-hunting in land and buildings, there breaks through the clouds that these things bring over the horizon of life a little sunshine that cheers the heart now and again. While all these material things have their day and pass in a few years and will be forgotten, we have a few men and women living here with us who are creating immortal names that will likely last as long as time.

Sol Cohen, whose picture appears on this page, we dare to hope is one of these. The prophet is not a prophet in his own town or time, showing that one's contemporaries do not do justice to the great among them, and 'twas always so. History records a thousand such.

To some it might seem sacrilege to class such as these who are our neighbors today with the immortal names of the wonderful past, but those who will take the trouble to turn back the pages of history will find that perhaps not one in twenty of the great names we hold in reverence today, were in any degree counted among the great of their own time. Many of them died in poverty, and one of the greatest of them all, Mozart, whose music tens of thousands listen to with rapt attention at our symphony concerts today in the silent hills of our "Bowl," found peace and rest at last in a pauper's grave, and none know his last resting place.

Already, Sol Cohen, by his wonderful music and his delightful and genial personality, never tiring in his unstinted giving of



SOL COHEN

himself and his fiddle, in season and out of season, has endeared himself to thousands, and created around a name a halo that has given it a new meaning, and to many, when we hear his name, we think of sweet melodies and smiles, giving life a meaning it never had before, and bringing us a little closer to the infinite and beautiful, and helping us to realize that

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

G. B.

ONE "SING NIGHT"—FEBRUARY TWELFTH

By GRACE HYDE TRINE



F the people, by the people, for the people"—the spirit of the Great Emancipator seemed to brood over the gathering in the school house on that night, the anniversary of his birth, when men and women from the four corners of this great Union of free states which he so loved, and for which he gave his life, were gathered together in memory of him.

It was not in the "little red school house" of memory, but in the great auditorium of the public high school, more filled with promise for the future, more throbbing and vital, more pregnant with visions of beauty and brotherhood, than the founders of its pioneer ancestor, "the little red school house," could have deemed possible that this memorable meeting took place.

Walt Whitman, who gave unsparingly of his time and strength to work for the vision which revealed itself in its most unearthly beauty, to him as well as to Abraham Lincoln, said: "I hear America singing." If they could have been with us that night their great sympathetic loving and simple hearts would have thrilled and rejoiced at the demonstration of the true essence of democracy vibrant in that singing hour.

Great leaders are needed in our land—those who carry the torch of vision which throws a light, even though it be a flickering one, upon the path ahead. And if the light be strong enough to reveal but one step which can be taken, there will be found multitudes who will gladly follow. And from that revealing torch of vision many flaming beacons will be lighted to illumine the way.

The leaders of the Hollywood Community Chorus had planned a program appropriate to the evening, and arranged a most effective stage-setting reminiscent of the days of Lincoln. Soft candle-light fell upon the old-time furniture and rare paisley shawls thrown carelessly over the grand piano and the haircloth sofa, while seated upon the stage were many members of the Chorus whose years numbered eighty and more. Tears mingled with the smiles of appreciation, as their voices with all the enthusiasm of youth rang out in the old-time songs. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was truly poignant in its rendering by these "eighty-year-young" singers directed by that

wonderful sympathetic chorus director, Hugo Kirchhofer.

Then the whole chorus, fifteen hundred strong, gave such a demonstration of community singing as to make one wish that every hamlet and city all over the world could share in such a privilege. "I hear America singing," said Whitman. Such community groups presage the fulfillment of his dream.

After many songs of long ago were sung, the program of the evening followed. Wilbard and Wilbur Lincoln, "the Lincoln twins," eight-year-old distant cousins of Abraham Lincoln, were introduced and bowed their greetings. Professor Edward Warman, nearly eighty years of age, gave a monologue reminiscent of the Civil War, which was a splendid example of platform art.

And then, to quote from an article in the *Holly Leaves*, "Lincoln was at the Chorus—tall, simple, and very human, impersonated excellently by Wescott B. Clark, famous for his character parts during the past eighteen years on stage and screen. Mr. Clark seemed thoroughly saturated with the atmosphere of the real Lincoln days when he read in a quiet, rich voice the immortal Gettysburg address. Perhaps he gained that dignity through playing 'Lincoln's Father' in the much-talked-of Rockett film, 'The Life of Abraham Lincoln.' Certainly he touched the hearts of all his listeners."

Edwin Markham's marvelous poem, "Lincoln a Man of the People," was read by one who felt the beauty of every chiseled line, and who told briefly the story of its inspiration as she had herself heard it from the poet's lips.

Mrs. J. J. Carter, president of the Community Chorus, gave her usual optimistic and enthusiastic message and called upon some of the well-known folks who had "dropped in" that evening to rise. Perley Poore Sheehan and Ralph Waldo Trine each spoke a few words of greeting and appreciation.

It was a friendly, happy gathering. It almost seems that Lincoln was there.

NOTE.—Mrs. Trine is too modest to say that she is the one who read Edwin Markham's "Lincoln, a Man of the People," and she did it with such exquisite poetical charm that it was one of the outstanding features of the evening. Mrs. Trine is also one of the well-known folks who is always so welcome at the "Sing."



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CAHUENGA PASS, 1914 (EL CAMINO REAL—THE KING'S HIGHWAY), THE
OLD TRAIL BETWEEN LOS ANGELES AND SAN FERNANDO MISSION.

PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA

*In ancient days, now long since gone
His weary feet, with sandals shod
On King's highway, the Road of God,
To serve his kind, a padre trod.
He gave his life, forgetting self,
Forgetting rest, forgetting wealth;
He gave his all, tho' weak and frail,
He trod with faith this ancient trail.*

—G. B.

HOLLYWOOD'S COMMUNITY SPIRIT INCARNATE

WE are all master artists painting life pictures. To the great multitude is given the gift to be background, yet if they serve with a loyalty and love for a cause they are as essentially artistic and valuable as the more talented few who are the leadership high lights. The membership of the Hollywood Community Chorus as an organ-



HUGO KIRCHHOFFER

ization is trying to paint a large group picture of the community "genre" life. With ardor they are attempting to live a picture filled with community song, inspiration and happiness. But all good art must adhere to given laws—one of which is the law of principality—around which the interest centers and holds together all lesser interests in the picture.

In Perley Poore Sheehan's book—still in manuscript—"Hollywood, the Portrait of a

Community," this eminent author paints most exquisitely in words a masterpiece of the Hollywood Community Chorus and the principal personality around which the organization is built:

"But it is its music perhaps, that Hollywood has thus far best shown to the world the nature and the reality of its community life.

"The weekly 'Sing' of the Hollywood Community Chorus is characteristic. It has been called 'Hollywood's Hearthside,' and any stranger who happens in at one of these celebrated Tuesday night entertainments will quickly understand why. He will find the doors of the High School Auditorium open to everyone, without charge or without formality. The hall and the gallery will be crowded with all sorts of people, but all of them alike in their friendliness and animation. Maybe the program has been set to begin at seven-thirty, but as likely as not at seven-fifteen or even seven-ten a tall, well-built man will come swinging out on the stage with a 'Well, people!' This is Hugo Kirchhofer, Hollywood's community spirit incarnate. He is joyous, but not too joyous. He is witty, but he has an air of drawing his humor from the crowd. By and by he is going to ask everyone to shake hands with his neighbors, tell where he is from and get acquainted; but there is nothing about him to suggest either the revivalist or the ballyhoo. For, from the first, back of all this ebullition you feel that here there is something profound, something great, something as honest and big and lasting as the hills.

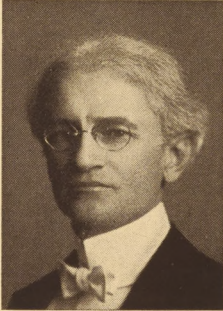
"It was out of this Community Chorus and under Kirchhofer's abundant inspiration that so many other factors in the community's musical life have sprung: the Community Orchestra, the Woman's Club Chorus, the Apollo Club, the Choral Society. One of the most beautiful products of his genius is the Children's Community Chorus. To hear these children singing—hundreds of them—in perfect harmony, say at an Easter sunrise service in the Hollywood Bowl, to the accompaniment of muted orchestra and the unearthly light of a rose and lilac dawn, is something to stir your heart, abide with you for the rest of your days. . . . It will make you believe that in a community where a thing like this is possible all good things are possible."

L. H. S.

OUR COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA

ARTIE MASON CARTER

"All passes. Art alone endures."



JAY PLOWE

If Hollywood only realized this eternal truth our splendid Community Orchestra would not be forced to struggle along without encouragement and support.

Unnoticed and unkept, it has blossomed into one of the fairest flowers in our Community Garden.

On Easter morning in the Hollywood Bowl many shall hear this excellent ensemble and realize for the first time what a debt we owe these faithful musicians and their devoted leader. For four years they have loyally worked together that excellent readings of the world's greatest orchestral scores might be given free to this community—that music, the greatest spiritual force in the world today, might, without money and without price, belong to all!

Was there ever a more noble and unselfish purpose?

The Community Orchestra fits a direct need in each locality and can do more to make us a musical nation than can the few outstanding great symphony bands in our country for, after all, we cannot become a musical nation until we participate—have a part in it ourselves.

Before a country can produce music of its own it must know *all* music. That is our problem today—to develop musical appreciation. Thus the Community Orchestra is making us a more expressive, appreciative and creative people.

It fills the gap between the high school orchestra and the professional one. When the average boy or girl comes out of the high school, after years of splendid training, what then? Shall the fiddle and flute be laid away for lack of opportunity of weekly rehearsals and continued training? Certainly not! Every wise community—every community which cares for the common good—will organize and sustain its very own community orchestra.

Not alone does it meet the need of the high school girl or boy, but that of the older

musician who earlier in life played very well, who longed for but never had the opportunity for ensemble experience. Then, as in the case of our own orchestra, one always finds many excellent amateurs, yes, clever professionals who enjoy the comradeship and sheer love of playing with such a group—several members come from afar—beaches, valley and neighboring towns—for the weekly rehearsal in the Hollywood High School auditorium.

Many of our teachers of school orchestras play with us, and a well-known clubwoman is now the pride of the cello section.

Of Mr. Jay Plowe's devotion and loyalty to this little band it is difficult to write. There are some things in life too beautiful for words. This consummate artist, so fine and sensitive by nature, has given four years of his life to a group of scratchy fiddles, wailing oboes and discordant horns, lovingly teaching and training them until, at their last concert, they completely won the audience with an exceptionally fine reading of the Largo from the "New World" Symphony (and they took me back to happy student days in Vienna with an entrancing Strauss waltz). The program also included the March from "Aida" and a movement from Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

Unselfish devotion to an Ideal is the magic which has made this progress. If this orchestra can show such miraculous development in four years with only a handful of friends to lend encouragement and aid, what may we not expect in the next four years if all Hollywood could be properly aroused to the importance of such beautiful community expression?

Perhaps a real miracle may happen on Easter morning, and as we lift our voices in joyful praise accompanied by our very own orchestra, there may be born in each of our hearts the desire to live up to our tremendous possibilities.

"All passes. Art alone endures!"

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

“ONE Gigantic Group Soul! My People! My America! Assembled there in the eternal, unquenchable spirit of Democracy, to celebrate the Symbol of Eternal Life! An annual Homage to the White Christ.”—(From Cadman's “Easter Dawn in the Hollywood Bowl.”)

As one's soul, one's art is great enough to atune itself with the infinite, the undying, the all encompassing, so is he in greatness. Thus the genius, Charles Wakefield Cadman, so American, so throbbing with the vital thoughts of life, so artistically supreme, has contributed to musical literature one more great composition in his “Easter Dawn in the Hollywood Bowl.” It is dedicated to Mrs. J. J. Carter, Mother of the Bowl, and was played by the composer for the first time before a local audience at the February meeting of the Hollywood Musicians Club, when he also played the additional numbers of the Hollywood Suite, “June of the Boulevard,” dedicated to Mary Pickford; “Twilight at the Sycamores,” dedicated to Mr. Cadman's mother, and “The Comedian,” dedicated to Charles Chaplin. The variety of themes and the technical way he handled them showed the versatility of the composer.

In February, the friends of Mr. Cadman gave him an ovation of appreciation at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium, when the city's music lovers paid tribute to one of America's greatest living composers. The audience was unstinted in its enthusiasm and expressed love for the genius who lives

among us, but it is most regrettable the receipts were not larger. When an individual is so gifted he can create and leave such enduring music to posterity, then future generations become his debtors. We who are now living should shoulder the privilege of paying that which future generations owe to those who are now building a great national soul of music or any other art. The Cadman concert is but another concrete example to prove that art should be endowed, so that the great may create without thought and worry of bread. It might be unique to pay our national debts a little ahead of time and legislate so that the rewards of art would be equal to their merits.

Margaret Messer Morris, Mr. Cadman's charming soprano soloist, always interprets the composer's songs with such fire and technical understanding that nothing is left wanting. She is a rare combination of voice and personality, and to see her name on a Cadman program is sufficient to know she will display all the exquisite beauty of each composition in her interpretation.

Mr. Cadman is one of Hollywood's greatest prides, and we hope the community will measure up to its full opportunity, “One gigantic group! His people! His community! when they assemble in the Bowl to hear his ‘Shanewis.’ May it be a true celebration of the heart of the masses for one of their sons who has risen above the commonplace in life. An unquenchable spirit of love for one who hears the soul life, of nature, of peoples, and then gives it back to the world in music.”

L. H. S.



THE OLIVE TREES

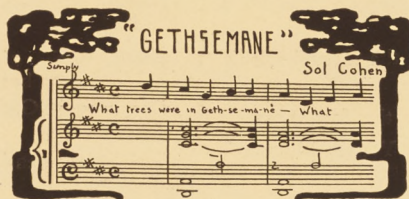
*For ten years gone, I've daily passed
A grove of olive trees
Along the side of the road.
With shimmering glittering sheen,
In summer sun a grey-green screen
Behind which fairies dance
And gaily prance—
The hours away, in joyous trance.*

*The day's work done, I've trailed by
This grove of olive trees
Along the side of the road.
The setting sun was sinking in the west
As toiling men were going home to rest.
The olive trees, each evening greet
In murmurs sweet
As you ride by on busy street.*

*And now they're gone, they are no more
That grove of olive trees
Along the side of the road.
The woodman came, with axe and saw
They sacrificed to money's maw,
Those grey-green olive trees
And beauty flees
And left, alas, its obsequies.*

*They made a fire, they burned them all,
That grove of olive trees
Along the side of the road.
And now the land lays bleak and brown
A stark disgrace, to all the town
And nothing's left but ashes,
And memories flashes
Of grey-green trees, and mud brown gashes.*

—A. M. O. H.



A HERITAGE



HERE is a beautiful Greek story, half legendary, but worthy to be true, which proves that music is sometimes more powerful than force. At one time in the very early days of Greece, the Spartans, hard pressed by their enemies, sent to Athens seeking aid, but the Athenians were too jealous to grant their plea. However, fearing to refuse outright, they resorted to a subterfuge; they sent as their representative the poet Tyrtaeus, a man of song and not of action, thinking that he could give no possible assistance. But how great was their error! For Tyrtaeus composed ringing martial songs, and under the inspiration of these the Spartans renewed their courage and gained a glorious victory.

Thus down through the ages poets and philosophers have extolled song as the fire that lights patriotism, the cleanser for men's souls, the force that inspires love, until one sage, feeling the all-encompassing good of music said: "I care not who makes the laws of the nation, so that I may make its songs."

But songs unsung are like one's patriotism put into cold storage. It is only through the individual singing of the best music that one is raised out of the commonplace onto a higher plane of idealism, service and joyous understanding of the beautiful in true art. It is only through the fraternity of group singing—community singing—that one appreciates the happiness and possibilities of the larger, harmonious community life.

Perhaps the reporter who recently filled a column in one of the largest Los Angeles daily newspapers with interviews about the need and merit of Community Choruses had just read that "Music is the fourth need of man, food, clothing, shelter—then music." At any rate, these interviews were most emphatic and united in one general statement

—"the need of more 'Sings.'" While the interviewed, people chosen at random from all walks of life, seemed to have either attended, heard of or hoped to attend the Hollywood Community Chorus. Of course, we realize we are one of the oldest and largest "Sings" in the United States, but having so many people so refer to us made us feel a great sense of dignity—sort of parental responsibility. With grave seriousness we began to count our numbers—in memberships—and to think lovingly of other "Sings" which we had inspired as our children, or perhaps younger singing brothers and sisters. The thought then came that our musical director was not just a song leader, but a great master artist enriching the lives of others through musical understanding—a statesman inspiring others through music to live higher, larger lives of patriotic community comradeship.

Statistics at best are uninteresting, yet when statistics show that one individual through music, has changed commonplace gray nights into rose-memorial evenings of song for thousands every week for years, then statistics become a fine art.

Hugo Kirchhofer has not only been the inspiring figure for the Hollywood Community Chorus since its origin but has in the past seven years conducted "Sings" at Glendale, Long Beach, Huntington Park, San Pedro, Culver City, and is the present director at Sierra Madre, Santa Monica, Alhambra and Hollywood. He has also directly influenced other communities to revive "War Sings" into "Peace Sings" until now each week many thousands of people date their calendar from one community sing to the next one. Thus a modern philosopher might say: "I care not who makes the laws of the nation, so that I might make its communities sing."

L. H. S.

KAYISMS

"Silver Threads Among the Gold."—Lock at me!

You swallowed the tone the first thing.

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie."
—All hold Maggie.

"My Wild Irish Rose."—Just hold the Irish up.

You showed mighty good judgment to come to Hollywood.

Listen to the piano once in awhile just to see if it has been tuned.

The Lord is God—not s'God.

Hold the fly.

Very poor gentlemen.—I'll be honest, a poor grunt.

If you find you can't sing, don't tell the one next to you. They will know it.

Everybody B natural.

Don't let the colors run when singing Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

BOWL CIVIC DINNER



HUNDREDS of Los Angeles community workers and music enthusiasts gathered Monday evening, April 7th, to organize the campaign for Hollywood's now famous popular summer symphony concerts in the Bowl. Representatives were there from every important club, the Los Angeles City Council, the Ministerial Union, and from all the local and city papers and magazines.

Rabbi Magnin, the principal speaker of the evening, was powerful in his address on the subject, "Music in the Bowl," and drew beautiful word pictures of an ideal balanced community, stressing soul development first, for after all that is the only undying, permanent asset of any nation—the material passes with the ages, but that which inspires or makes the masses measure up and up and up, that becomes the foundation for future generations to build on. He curtly referred to the present jazz age of music and amusement as insulting our mentality as being only moron calibre, while the symphony summer concert music appealed to the highest and best in every individual.

Alfred Hertz, who will conduct the Bowl concerts this season, when presented "as the lion who would now roar," replied that he felt more like a mouse hunting for a hole to crawl into, as his only way of talking was with his orchestra. Mr. Hertz humorously said he had heard that the lack of rain in California for the past few months was due to the fact that a rumor had reached Heaven that there was a winter concert season on in the Bowl, and the celestial powers desired to co-operate.

Mrs. Edward A. McDowell, wife of America's great composer, gave a short talk and also purchased a ten dollar book for someone who could attend the concerts, as she will soon return East to the McDowell colony in Peterboro, N. H.

C. E. Toberman, president of the Bowl Association; Mrs. J. F. Mead, president of the Hollywood Woman's Club; L. E. Behymer, Los Angeles impresario; Mrs. E. B. Wakeman (Grandmother), who sold one hundred and fifty ten-dollar books to last year's summer concerts; Boyle Workman, representing the City Council; Alma Whitaker, the highest paid feature newspaper woman in the United States; Arthur Farwell, music prophet and composer; Squire Coop, head of the Department of Music from the California University, Southern Branch, and many other celebrities spoke and all paid high tribute to Mrs. J. J. Carter—mother of the Bowl—who also presided, for her vision, unfaltering courage and determination to carry on and on and on until she had made international musical history.

Community singing under Hugo Kirchhofer, Hollywood's civic music director, preceded the dinner when several originally clever personal and apropos songs of greeting and pep were sung. Mrs. Inez Jacobson was at the piano. Alice Forsythe Mosher sang the "Bowl Refrain," and Mrs. Carter closed by expressing the hope that every city in the United States would soon copy the Hollywood Summer Concert Plan so that all America might soon be listening to the world's greatest symphonies under the stars.

L. H. S.





THE MEMORIAL ORGAN

THE three greatest attributes of war—if there be any—are patriotism, service, thrift. Though less spectacular, peace patriotism is just as heroic as war patriotism. Service, working for the good of other people, with others, for others, is the outstanding American characteristic. Thrift, a sense of values, and investing one's money in the lasting instead of the fleeting things in life, is the greatest need of this country today. Dr. Wm. Snyder of the Hollywood High School has extended to the community of Hollywood the privilege of serving with the three peace patriotism attributes. It is a challenge to all of us. What is going to be our response?

In that the "Piper" pageant will be directed by that genius, Arthur B. Kachel, its artistic success is assured. The round table has sold all of its one hundred boxes at a hundred dollars a box. But it is the two-dollar-and-a-half tickets to the "Piper"—every cent of which goes to the Memorial Pipe Organ in the new Hollywood High School Memorial Auditorium—which will be the barometer of Hollywood's peace patriotism. We should not shrink our souls with the purchase of dollar tickets when we can afford to pay two-fifty for a reserved seat. We should not act as though going to the pageant were an obligation. It is a privilege to participate in procuring one of the finest and largest memorials for the boys to be given on the Pacific Coast in gratitude for the service they gave to us. A tribute to sixteen of our high school boys who gave all. Are we, as individuals, as a community, exhibiting our peace patriotism with the same color and fervor as the war patriotism of those boys? The number and price of tickets we purchase to the "Piper" will tell how great is our patriotism, how earnest our desire to serve and whether we can intellectually, thriftily see a greater value in the purchase of a two-dollar-and-a-half reserved ticket to the "Piper" for the purpose of the purchase of a wonderful permanent memorial pipe organ, than in the buying of one theater ticket for a one evening's performance, which would be a fleeting pleasure soon forgotten. It is a matter of heart, soul and brains. Dr. Snyder has thrown us the challenge. What will be Hollywood's answer?

L. H. S.

